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Congo News Letter.

JULY - OCTOBER 1936

MEDICAL MEMORIAL NUMBER

LESLIE, KING, OSTROM, HAGQUIST

They had the gift of healing,
And the touch to soothe
The throbbing throes of pain:
The skill to guide
The knife direct and true,
So that the anguished body
Could be whole again.
They looked beyond the far horizon's rim
They felt an unknown people needing them.
Through life they served them
With unfailing skill.
Their touch was blessing,
And their word good-will.
This be their epitaph
Above their heads,
"They served while living
And they serve though dead".

Lynch...Adapted

v.27:
1936

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Congo News Letter.

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FATHER OF LOVE

"Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him." James 1:12.

There was much distress in my heart when I heard that Dr. Leslie was dead. Yes, he has gone to be with the Lord of heaven and earth. The name of Dr. Leslie was Ngang'a Buku. This name brought hope, joy and happiness. In his coming to this country Tata Leslie denied himself much in all things, for the people did not at all receive him. But in perseverance and in love Mama and Tata Leslie tied up their hearts, and because of it they found this place Vanga. But the building of a place like Vanga! Ah! Ah! Let us ask the elders of the trouble and patience of Mama and Tata Leslie in the clearing of the thick forest at Vanga. But the character and work of Mama and Tata Leslie is a thing to wonder at!

Tata Ngang'a Buku was truly a doctor for he healed sicknesses of many kinds. But the power of Tata Leslie was greater in the healing of their souls, even surpassing the other, on either side of the river. He finished his strength in searching for us sheep lost in this land. But in his perseverance and persistence many, many sheep were found. Whenever he was in the district the

elders and people rejoiced to hear his voice, and the elders because of his love and goodness gave him the name "Muisi Nso", One of our own. Ah! Ah! Tata Leslie was a shepherd of the little ones in all things. He is buried "Ku Mputu" outside our land but his heart is not buried, it is with us on every side. Because of his life and teachings his fruit cannot be lost in us until the coming of the Lord Jesus.

Receive then your peace, Tata of Love, from the Lord Jesus whom you served in love and patience. Romans 14:7-8. And let us who are his children, walk in the steps of Tata Leslie.

Isaac Pumbulu

WILLIAM H. LESLIE

William H. Leslie came of a Scotch Presbyterian family, his father and mother both being born and brought up in Scotland. He was born in London, Ontario, January 12, 1868. He was converted in Detroit and later came to chicago and entered Moody' s Bible Institute, graduating in 1890. He became a member of the Second Baptist Church of Chicago aud kept his membership there until 1911 when we became members of Park Avenue Church of Rochester, N. Y. (afterwards "The Temple"). He took his medical course in the then called Rush Medical College and graduated in 1893, sailing for Congo the same year.

After his first furlough he carried on the work at Banza Manteke during a rather extended furlough of Mr. and Mrs. Richards, ably assisted by Dr. Catherine Mabie

and Mr. and Miss Welles. In the spring of 1901 Dr. Leslie was sent to Matadi to take the treasureship and to receive passengers and goods and forward them to their destination. While there he opened schools and also the medical work, which Dr. Sims after his arrival in October 1901 carried along most effectively.

Returning to Banza Manteke he was urgently requested to come to Ikoko, for Mrs. Arthur Christopher was expecting confinement and there was no doctor above Banza Manteke. That meant months away from the station and his family. During his absence our little son William was taken very ill with dysentery and the little life hung in the balance. By the grace of God and Mrs. Richard's ministrations was the little life saved, but he was so weakened that we were obliged to hurry our plans for furlough

In 1905 Dr. Leslie left Banza Manteke with a little band of Christian porters to explore the Kwango country and find a suitable site for a new station. After nine or ten days marching they found themselves on the border of the Portuguese territory where the natives, fighting the state and in a very hostile mood, threatened to exterminate them if they attempted to pass thru their district. It seemed so critical that they held a prayer-meeting and talked over what they should do. The men voted almost unanimously to go forward and trust the Lord to protect them. They said they were something like Abraham of old, God had called them to go out to a country that He wanted them to occupy and His presence would go with them. How often we have thanked the Lord that He gave them the grace to go forward.

After a few months they returned and then we went together with a larger caravan and some workmen to establish a station temporarily. While there the first three years I only saw a white woman once. It was during this time that our youngest son Theodore was born.

Later a survey of the Kwango district was made by Mr. Metzger, Mr. Bain and Dr. Leslie; it was decided that to occupy the territory and connect it up with Sona Bata three stations should be established: one on the Kuilu, one on the upper Inzia and another on the lower Wamba. This has been accomplished and the field has been doubled in size, and thousands of the people have been "turned from their dumb idols to serve the living God and to wait for His Son from heaven". This has been the work of God and is marvelous in our eyes!

Mrs. W. H. Leslie

LAID TO REST

You will of course have had word of Dr. Leslie's death December 25th in St. Petersburg, Florida, where they had established a little home. There was a service in the Nilhelm Chapel where he had been attending in St. Petersburg and his body was brought to Milton, Pennsylvania, Mrs. Leslie's home, for burial. As we were the nearest folks the Board asked us to go to represent them and the Congo at the funeral December 29th. We were glad to be able to go. Four of the six children were there: Dick from Washington D.C., Dorothea from Virginia, Elizabeth from California and William from Ohio. The two who could not come were Donald in New Orleans and Theodore in California.

It was a cold wintry day when he was laid to rest in a snow storm. So different from his dear Congo. Mrs. Leslie has returned to St. Petersburg and intends to keep the home going for a time at least. Her address in Florida is 3520 Haines Road.

Ernest Atkins

A MISSIONARY DOCTOR

Dr. Leslie: Pioneer Missionary, Founder of Vanga Mission Field, Traveler, Hunter, Medical Doctor, but, as he said, "A Missionary first". How wonderful it must be to slip away peacefully, like he, on a Christmas day! But to his dear lifelong companion and their sons and daughters it is sorrow, and a great loss to our Congo Mission.

It was at Banza Manteke in 1895 that we first met Dr. Leslie. Fred was then accompanying little Doris and me to the steamer to send us home to regain our health. And it seems that whenever we met Dr. Leslie through the years in Congo we had some ailments for which he gave us good remedies.

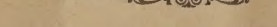
In October 1897, we met the doctor at Lukunga, where he had come to help Mrs. Thomas Hill when she had her daughter Evelena. I had promised to be the nurse. When we arrived the doctor had killed a fine antelope for dinner, what a feast we had! While we all waited for Evelena to arrive Mr. and Mrs. Moody came from Irebu with little Wilkie. The doctor was kept busy, for first Mr. Hill went down with malaria fever and then Mr. Moody. Nov. 28th, Evelena came. Dr. Leslie returned to Banza Manteke as soon as he could leave Mrs. Hill. Fred and I left later for Kifwa. While we were home on furlough Dr. Leslie came to Kifwa and helped Mr. and Mrs. Nelson and

little Stella when they were ill, in 1901.

In 1905, the doctor came to Kifwa on his way to Kwango. The very day he arrived a man was brought to me in a blanket-hammock. He had been accidently shot some time before in one arm, by an old flint-gun. The piece of iron had lodged deep in the muscle. When the wound healed the iron piece pained him. I had no indoor clinic, but Dr. Leslie was the kind of a doctor who was not afraid of emergency operations; I brought him the instruments and antiseptics and was proud to be the nurse. Doctor chloroformed the man on the floor of our wide veranda. Then while the man was shaking and talking under the anaesthetic doctor removed the offending metal, dressed the wound, and turned the patient over to me. Before leaving the next day he gave us medical suggestions for our health and for little Lila.

Like his Master, Dr. Leslie "went about doing good" in Congo, both he and Mrs. Leslie never tiring in their great work, always putting the spiritual things first.

Mathilde M. Frederickson



In 1924 Dr. Leslie was decorated by the Belgian Government for his medical work, with the Chevalier de l'Ordre Royal du Lion. Four years later Mrs. Leslie was honored in the same way, a singular distinction for a missionary wife.

AN APPRECIATION

I became acquainted with Dr. Leslie during his first furlough in 1897, shortly before my graduation from medical school. He was doing post-graduate work at his Alma Mater, Rush Medical College, now the Medical School of the University of Chicago. Probably but for this timely beginning of a life long friendship I would not have gotten to Congo when I did, for there was a great "depression" in the United States at that time. Greatly reduced missionary resources, together with a rather slight attachment to the adopted Congo Mission, made its possible transfer to another Mission, or a reduction of its stations, certainly a reduction in missionaries and appropriations, a vital issue in the annual meeting of 1897. Dr. Leslie in an impassioned, brilliant plea at the "May Meetings" did much toward stemming the tide and the Congo Mission remained in the A.B.M.U. family group. But both the western and eastern women's societies had arrived at the conclusion that the Congo was no place to which to send single women, so upon my application both declined to send me there. Dr. Leslie returned to Banza Manteke in the summer of 1897, leaving Mrs. Leslie at home for a year with baby Richards, who not so long ago spent three years at Vanga with his parents building the new station. Mr. and Mrs. Richards worn out with a long term of service, Mrs. Richards greatly depleted by a virulent infection, were due for what proved to be a prolonged furlough of two and a half years which would throw the full responsibility for the church and school work, as well as medical work, upon the youthful doctor's shoulders. This during the time of the great mass movement

toward God, known later as the Pentecost on the Congo, which occurred at Banza Manteke, seemed more than Leslie could tackle so he urged Richards and the rest of the staff to ask for my appointment by the General Board. This they did. There was no Congo Mission Conference or Reference Committee at that time and every station was a separate little mission, pretty much a law unto itself, making all its requests and reports direct to the Boards. Upon receiving this urgent request representations were made to the Women's Board of the East which resulted in my appointment to Congo early in 1898.

My first experience of seeing Dr. Leslie go into action full speed ahead occurred upon the arrival of Mrs. Leslie and myself at Matadi, several days late due to the old S. S. "Leopoldville" being on a sandbank below Boma for five days. Mrs. Richards was scarcely out of danger when the doctor left Banza Manteke to come to Matadi to meet us and he was frantic to get back to her. Our larger loads were hastily split up and we started off late that same afternoon for Palabala where Mr. Harvey and his bride were awaiting us, curious about the new young woman doctor coming into the mission. Before daybreak we were off on the next long lap of the caravan journey. It was Saturday and doctor was determined to get to B. M. that night. Such a day! At nightfall the hammock carriers absolutely refused to go further, so with a couple of boys we three started off over the worst part of the stony hill trail leading up to Banza Manteke. We arrived about ten P. M., bedraggled and weary but happy to have achieved. That forced march was characteristic of Dr. Leslie's whole Congo career. Always going at full speed ahead regardless, and it's

little wonder that at 66 his heart, worn out by excessive over-strain, just stopped.

The memories of my first term in Congo are so closely interwoven with the gracious goodness and care which Dr. and Mrs. Leslie bestowed upon me that they are inseparable from their love. Indeed during my first two terms of service at Banza Manteke they made me a trusted and intimate member of the family. I nursed Mrs. Leslie through three of her confinements, took Dorothy home on my first furlough and Donald on the second. But for their never failing love and care I could hardly have made the grade during my first eighteen months on the field when fever after fever and almost daily severe headaches laid me low. More than once Dr. Leslie threatened to send me home. I have always felt I owe the Leslies a great debt of gratitude for literally pulling me through those months.

Dr. Leslie was not only a good doctor and surgeon but a flaming evangelist, a good teacher and a fair preacher. He did a good bit of acceptable translation work both in Kikongo and in the Vanga languages. He was at his best, however, with a bunch of boys: a strict disciplinarian yet always winning the love and confidence of worthwhile boys. As a pastor he perhaps excelled for he was sympathetic and had an understanding heart.

Loving the comforts of home more than most he nevertheless spent much time in pioneering, making long and arduous journeys through hostile and dangerous territory. He made frequent trips across country to Moanza when that station was in its early stage of development. Always he was seeking new fields to be evangelized and yet he had sane educational ideals which he put into practice wherever he was stationed. The first

Boarding School for boys and girls at Banza Manteke he inaugurated in 1899. The Vanga Boarding School was one of the early projects he backed with enthuiasm. Dr. Leslie was a many sided, versatile, able and very devoted missionary. May the Lord give us more of his caliber.

Catherine Mabie

THE COMING OF TATA LESLIE TO VANGA.

They came in a small steamer, tying up first at Madibi where they went by trail to Mayoko, from there to Kongo, chief Takungu, searching for a place. Failing to find any they returned here to Vanga where they placed markers.

When they entered the forest along the river to search for either a trail or a village, a man from here saw them and thought they were ghosts. He ran to the village and told how he had seen people like ghosts and some of the men were persuaded fearfully to go see them. Said Tata Leslie, "Don't run, I am a white man of God who heals in body and in soul too".

When he called chief Yidi he said to him, "I am anxious to build here, but you must not be afraid and begin to question and ask why. I have come to heal and care for you, and I want your children too in order to teach them."

He took a group of people to clear a place to build, and when he gave some cloth and a sack of salt to the chief he was willing he should have the place and that the children should be taught. The first villages where he began to take children were Songo, Vanga and Konzi, just a very few boys. When these boys began to know to read and a few stories he took them with him

to other near villages and left them in these villages to teach, sometimes forcing them to stay.

The difficulties of circulating in those times were very great, for the people did not want very much for the white man to sleep in their places, or to show him their paths or woods, even a little. When in visiting we arrived at one certain village the chief said, "I don't want you to sleep in our sheds". Tata Leslie said, "Alright, don't argue about it, we will sleep outside, it is nothing". So we slept outside like the goats and the pigs.

When he began to seek the road which goes to Moanza which was not then known very well, he thought we might strike it by going to Kikwit. So he took us and we entered a boat of the Company and went to Leverville and from there to Kikwit. A state man showed us the direction to Moanza. We started off and those who have gone thus a foot know the pain we saw in our legs and the troubles because of the fear of the people. On the way we saw a messenger who had caught a woman for no offense whatever. Doctor took the woman from him and took her with us. Her town people stood armed ready to fight with their bows and knives and when they saw us they made as though they would kill us, but when we sent the woman ahead of us they came running down. Because of the years we cannot recall just the day and year but only the incident itself. From Kikwit until we arrived at Moanza was not very easy, the good mixed with the bad. But his God cared for us until we had fully returned.

Ah! Tata Leslie was a persistent and persevering man. We see others coming to help us, but Ah! the sorrow that he must leave us at this time. Perhaps others will come, perhaps not. We are thankful for his patience

which brought the Light to some of us a little. We are thankful for others working now. If the Lord helps them then our land may be enlightened.

Phillip Kimbiese

HIS WORK AT VANGA

It was in 1912 that Dr. and Mrs. Leslie began their work at Vanga. They visited villages getting acquainted with the people and helping the sick. Dr. Leslie looked after the work in general on the station: building, preaching, healing the sick. Mrs. Leslie, aside from looking after her household duties, would play their baby organ, teach the people hymns, tell them Bible stories from pictures and, when they had secured boys for a school, took charge of the class work as well as the gardening.

The next year they were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert, who were soon left to look after the work when the Leslies went on furlough. They were not able to finish their first term on account of illness and were never able to return. Then the Nugents were with them for a term and a half and there have been a number of other missionaries since working with the Leslies, but as Dr. Leslie, had begun the work he was the dominant figure and largely formulated the plans and policies of the station.

Dr. Leslie's experience at Banza Manteke and in the wilderness of Angola had given him an incite into mission work which helped him to begin work at Vanga on a sound basis. From the first he emphasized self-support. When a teacher-evangelist was placed in a town the people were made to understand that they must provide

a building for school and services, build a house for the teacher, and contribute to his support and to the work of the mission.

After the first few years the school work both on the station and in the villages developed rapidly until in 1925 there were some 500 boys and girls in the Station Boarding School and about 250 village schools with 30,000 attending school and services.

His ability to help those who were ill, healing as well as preaching, often opened doors which would otherwise have been long barred to the Gospel message. The medical work on the station gradually developed. Then their son Dick came and erected the main hospital building, as well as their home and the girls' dormitory.

But while Dr. Leslie was a medical man, he was even more interested in the evangelistic work. The preaching of the Gospel, the development of Christian character, the training of native workers, and the establishment of the church on a firm foundation were uppermost in his mind. He felt the time was short and the Lord's appearing imminent and so there was no time to lose that these people might learn to know Him whom to know is life eternal. The church membership, however, grew very slowly for Dr. Leslie was exceedingly cautious about receiving candidates for baptism. As he did not believe in baptismal regeneration he felt it would not hurt the people to wait until they realized what it really meant to be a Christian and showed by their lives and testimonies that they had truly been born again.

In all his healing, teaching, preaching and translating Mrs. Leslie was his wise counsellor and strong, faithful, energetic helpmate. Together they accomplished a great work. As parents are loved and honored by their

children, so hundreds, yea thousands, love and honor the Leslies and praise God for their lives and work among them at Vanga for nearly two decades, until their retirement in 1932.

The report of Dr. Leslie's passing brought mourning and sorrow to their hearts. They felt that their friend and father in Christ had gone. A fitting memorial service was held in the church March 2nd.

He will have many black diamonds from Vanga in his crown. "While dead yet he speaketh and his works do follow him." "Blessed are they that die in the Lord", and "they that turn many to righteousness, for they shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

Hilda J. Bain

A MAN OF STRONG PERSONALITY

Dr. and Mrs. Leslie laid at Vanga a sure foundation upon which, with others, it is my priviledge to build, and I am happy to recount a few of the impressions which linger with us. Dr. Leslie was a man of strong and positive personality and has left the imprint of his character upon many lives here. Many of the present leaders were boys of his earlier training and, I am sure, the subject of his prayers to his final days. But because he was a man of more than usual personality it was natural that his perfections and imperfections should be more manifest than in the ordinary man. He was therefore the object, at times, of bitter enmity even as of much love and esteem. Even those with whom he sometimes differed strongly as to policy and methods were among those who recall him with most of love and respect.

Wrong doers feared and respected him for his tremendous influence on the side of right. Many an abuse

was rectified by his untiring persistence, and officials and others came to know the justice of his complaints and his determination to see justice administered. Perhaps for no other trait is he so remembered by the native populous. He was their unfailing friend and advocate in time of trouble.

Doctor was at his best as a host. With his many years in Congo he had a splendid repertoire of anecdotes and experiences upon which to draw. Books, music and flowers were much in evidence in the home and were indicative of the man himself.

In two respects we have much for which to thank Dr. Leslie in the foundation laid for the work at Vanga. One of his ambitions was to give the Word to the people in their own tongue. And, although others may disagree with me, personally I feel that much of the strength of our work today is due to their having a goodly portion of the New Testament in their own tongue rather than in Kikongo alone. The second respect was his emphasis upon native support of the work. We are particularly favoured as regards our nearness to the companies. But as I have had occasion to look over earlier records of examinations of candidates for baptism, I have been struck by the number of notes Doctor had made as to their willingness to tithe or otherwise support the work.

I doubt if any one has more consistently from day to day prayed for and carried a soul burden for the people. As a result he often led the noon day services for weeks at a time. His wont was to take a certain topic and to deal with it from one angle or another for several days or even a couple of weeks. He used to say that he thought after ten days or so that the people began to assimilate it, but that it was useless to take a different topic each day.

Vanga was truly the Isaac of his later years and peculiarly the child of his love. For it he laboured and fought, and for it he gave of himself and all he had unstintingly. There he spent the happiest and most fruitful years of his long Congo service. No one will ever know all that must have been borne and suffered in the earlier days, but the work itself stands a divine memorial and probably no other name is more widely known and respected in all the Kwango area. Surely he has entered into the joy of his Lord and into a higher and even more glorious service.

Lewis A. Brown

THE DISTRESSES BORNE BY OUR GRANDFATHER

Dr. Leslie saw much difficulty when he started the school in 1913 with some of us boys. We ran away again and again to the villages and he kept following us in order to bring us to the truth. If he left the station and went away then we worried him by not listening to his voice even a little. But he tied up his heart through 1914 and even 1915 and then 22 of us were baptized and we began to be those who heeded his voice a little.

When he commenced to put teachers in the villages in 1916 he had much difficulty and the work with them was hard because of the priests. The people would come, "Oh, the priest has come to our village". And off he would go. Truly, great, great difficulties he saw in placing these teachers. But he worked as did the Lord Jesus. Mathew 4:23-25, Luke 4:14-15.

Dr. Leslie had another name, Ngang'a Buku, and Mrs. Leslie, Mamma of Mercy, names which they received when the people began to love them for their persever-

ance in the Words of God. The hymns which he loved best: first, "Nzama Katumisi Muan'a Yana" (God sent his Son), second, "Yesus Katuzodidi" (Jesus loves me). His love and perseverance were shown in the way in which he taught us from the book of John. He surpassed in reading John and at two o'clock he persevered in coming to the church and teaching us of God's suffering for us.

Dr. Leslie said, "I will build good houses and plant fruit trees here at Vanga, not for myself alone". Other white teachers have come to us as he said. I myself have seen the men and their wives. A short proverb: Tata Leslie is like a light in a dark land which when it enters there is no darkness. From his mouth we received many teachings. He slept in a mud house but when he entered his brick house he said, "I slept long like a pig but now I am like a real man."

I send greetings to Mama Leslie and their children.

Samuel Luhonda

PERSEVERANCE AND PERSISTANCE

The perseverance and persistance in building, and in his following up of the boys! If they ran away he followed them and entreated their mothers, because the people were not anxious to let their children come either to work or for school. They thought, "This white man is poor." And they would rather send them to the white men who were traders. And in their foolish reasoning they thought he might be a spirit or maybe one of their elders returned in the spirit. But he never said a word, except, "I am a white man of God, the Lord of Heaven and Earth". Some didn't like to hear that; others, "He has sleeping sickness." And when he said,

"Let us pray", they began to run away. Other times they harassed him. But he never tired but soon would go back to beg the mothers and fathers for the children. This he kept up until the children began to know to read a little, clothing them and giving them a small cup of salt. Only then did they begin to get a little relief from this continual trouble. Many other thing too concerning his perseverance and persistance might be written.

His reward came in this way: When it began to be known in the vicinity, and to be taught concerning the God of heaven, they began to realize that he was truly a righteous man. They said, "He is not like the other white men who take our things by force and to eat without paying for them. Because in that time some of the traders and rulers ate up many things of the people either for nothing or by force, and their helpers and others did the same . But when they saw how he went among them kindly and carefully they saw that truly he was a good man. And he too when he saw how these thieves were doing began to accuse them before their superiors. But other white men, traders and some of the rulers, began to hate him with all their strength because they saw he was an advocate of the people of the land.

But in all this which he did for us he did not always receive joy alone. Sometimes hurt from those whom he was trying to help. He would write a good word to help them, but because of the fear of the rulers and of prison and beatings they began to betray him shamefully in replying, "Oh, no, nothing like that happened; that is just his lie." This they did again and again until the state men began to accuse him that he was making them trouble. But again he tied up his heart and persevered. And finally when some of these affairs were carried to

higher judges they persuaded the people to tell the truth. Then his good name was restored and the wrong deeds of these others were shown to be true.

And again when the people saw how he had tied up his heart and that he did not accuse them for having lied in their testimony in the beginning, they knew indeed he was a good man and their true friend. And because of it the ears of the people were the more opened to hear the Gospel and to believe.

Samuel Madioko.

A REMEMBRANCE

"Doctor Leslie is coming." We had been waiting for some days for Doctor Leslie's return from his first tour way out in the Bayaka territory in search of a suitable outpost for Banza Manteke evangelists where the flagging evangelistic zeal of the early church might be rekindled and developed. You can imagine the quickening pulse of the new missionary when the native cry rang out, "Doctor Leslie is coming". With something of the awe of Stanley when he first saw Doctor Livingstone I met him as he was climbing the long hill into Banza Manteke. Thus was I introduced to Doctor Leslie, and small wonder that I should always ever after think of him as one of the Great Congo Pioneers.

A little more than a year afterwards Doctor Mabie, leaving for furlough, took the year old son Donald home with her. A few days later we bade Doctor and Mrs. Leslie and Mr. Gotaas good-bye and saw them descend the long hill and start out over the Tomba Lukuti plain, facing east on the long trail that would lead them to the new station on the Kwilu, a small branch of the Kwango

River at the north-east corner of Portuguese Congo, not far from Popokabaka.

But the great hope that led to the founding of this new station was not to be immediately realized, for it soon be came apparent that work among the great Bayaka tribe could not be carried on across a frontier in two governmental administrative areas. Furthermore, transportation on the Kwango with its treacherous rocks was soon found to be too dangerous, as Doctor and Mrs. Leslie discovered when they nearly lost all their belongings through the capsizing of their canoe. Thus after seven years in the midst of extreme heathenism it was decided that a more suitable location should be sought.

A commission was arranged for to accompany Doctor Leslie in an investigation of the whole general area of the Kwango. Rev. A. L. Bain, a contemporary of Doctor's, and Rev. Paul Metzger, missionary-engineer in charge of the Henry Reed, were chosen. This commission went by trail to the old Kwilu, braved a perilous trip down the Kwango River and, with Mr. Moody as an additional member, made an extensive trip inland from Tschumbiri and on east to the Kasai. They finally decided on a site on another Kwilu River, an important branch of the Kasai. Here land was secured through the H. C. B. (Huileries de Congo Belge) and the new station named Vanga was soon begun.

Today Vanga stands out on a bend of the Kwilu, commanding a magnificent view of tropical river scenery. With its fine mission residences, its splendid hospital, its large well-adapted school building, its good boys' dormitories named "Aggrey", the compound and dormitories for girls and a unique girls' school, a modest but useful print shop and the grand imposing chapel, it is indeed

a worthy monument to Doctor Leslie and his colleagues. But Vanga is more than beautiful scenery, fine buildings and good equipment; it is a great evangelistic, educational and medical center challenging the admiration of state and commercial people as well as our missionary friends. And the Vanga church with its young virile members, together with the recent extension of the work across the river among the hitherto backward Bayanzi tribe, is an honor to him who founded it and a joy to all who have shared in its development.

But Doctor Leslie's unique, if not quite unshareable, monument is now appearing, still to be, but sure to be. To put it concretely it is "the Bayakas won to Christ", because back of it all was his vision, his idea: that the Lower Congo Churches, especially Banza Manteke and Lukunga, should rise up and accept the challenge to carry the Gospel to the unreached heathen, specifically the Bayakas. The vision was his own, no matter how many come to share it afterward and to add their efforts to bring it to pass. For it Doctor and Mrs. Leslie gave up their comfortable home and their beloved work at Banza Manteke, sent their little son far away to be safe in a healthy clime while they faced a heathen wilderness. But you will say that old Kwilu was abandoned and merely the fringes of the Bayaka territory have been touched by the Gospel in all these intervening years. True, but wait a moment. Ideas borne in heavenly vision do not die.

A native church now worships in the very village where years ago Doctor Leslie and all his carriers were surrounded by hostile natives armed with every weapon of heathen device and threatened with death if they dared to persist in trying to go forward. At least three important chiefs implore Moanza and Kikongo to occupy their

towns with Protestant teachers, each chief asking for forty to fifty teachers, and this in spite of continued Catholic attempt to occupy the entire Bayaka field.

Our recent Native Council was thrilled with the report of Mr. Bubeck's visit to the Bayakas during January of this year and they have taken steps to adopt the Bayakas as their special mission field. Two Banza Manteke graduates are now at Moanza and the Banza Manteke church has adopted them, agreeing to share half their support. A Banza Maneke graduate from Kimpese is at Kikongo. Several inquiries are now before us asking how to get appointment to this new work. A recent Bayaka graduate from Kimpese is located in the heart of the Kikongo Bayaka field and he pleaded effectively before the Native Council for help to reach his own people. Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong are heart and soul for the Bayakas and the Moanza Staff, too, long for the opportunity to extend their work to the west among the Bayakas. "Why don't they?" you say. Just for want of missionary supervision which our depleted missionary staff cannot safely undertake. So deeply was our Reference Committee impressed with this need that an appeal is being made to each of us on the field to create a fund by a gift of five percent of salaries over and above our ordinary tithe in order to underwrite the expense of a new missionary family for a full four year period so that an experienced missionary might be set free to superintend this work.

I believe so firmly in the future of the Bayaka work that I am proposing Doctor Leslie's vision of an indigenous missionary church as his monumental contribution to our Congo Mission work. His dream is coming true in this combined effortof missionaries and native churches. Combined effort, I say, because although the native church

is willing and able they must have experienced missionary supervision; and they need the backing of our Conference to secure for them Governmental passport and recognition. Are visions of ways and means of carrying out our Lord's last command mere dreams in the night? I think not. They are inspired by the Eternal Christ who promised to be with us all the way.

"Doctor Leslie has gone", so read the first announcement of his passing, which was later confirmed by letter from Mrs. Leslie. Christmas morning the date was, fitting time and fitting call. "Gone" was our way of putting it, from the other side it was once again "Doctor Leslie is coming". This time it was his Lord who came to meet him. "I will come and take you unto myself". "Trail's end, travels over", "Where I am there ye may be also". And as we believe a revealed Word I feel sure I am justified in saying that this time not an inexperienced missionary came to greet him, but there came a throng in front of which were Ngwankazi Richards, Tata Harvey, "Pebe Clark, Doctor Sims, and dear old Fred; yes, and there was Livingstone himself: pioneers all of them, a scene to stir the red blood of every young man and woman who has called himself Christian. And this is their challenge to the Lower Congo Churches, to our Congo Mission and to redeemed young people at home: "Go out and take the whole Bayaka field for Christ. Prove your mettle; stir up the Gift that is in you; strive for the prize of the high calling in Christ." -- "Who follows in His train?"

S. E. Moon

THE CALLING OF DR. KING.

The calling of our Doctor took place March 27, 1936. He came here to this station and saw us when we were children in school. He and Mama King trained us in the teachings that pertain to the body and to life. He began to make plans how he could help us, the people of Africa. He caused to be built for us a large hospital where he worked and worked, sometimes refusing to eat anything because he wished to work.

Then Doctor King became very sick, almost going to his last rest, but the will of our Maker was that he should be returned to his children and his friends. When his health returned he thought of the work he had started in Congo. We gave thanks to our Lord God that He returned him to us once more.

When he met us this time we were no longer children. I had charge of the truck, did carpentry, and helped the missionaries at the station in other ways as well. He helped me very much in the troubles that came to our family, and not only us but all who were sick. He had compassion on a man who was blind, treated him, and to-day he is able to see.

But preparing for this last trip with the truck, he told me to get it ready and bring it to his house. When he finished eating he came out on the veranda and showed me some tomatoes, saying, "See these big, heavy tomatoes; aren't they nice ones?" "Yes, they are good ones", I replied. Then we laughed, but those were the last words he spoke.

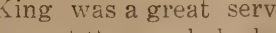
Dr. King drove the camion very fast, as much as 55 kilometres an hour. But when we had reached about 12 kilometres from Sona Bata I saw, as if it were a dream,

his face drop to the steering-wheel, his hat fall off and his hands let go the wheel. At once I put on the brakes and stopped the truck, but behold, he had given up breathing. I found a place to turn the camion, then we started back, with tears and fear and trembling, for we did not know what we should do. At 9:15 we arrived at Sona Bata where I made known to Dr. Tuttle, Mama Satterberg and Tata Erickson what had happened.

The missionaries came from Leopoldville that evening and the next day at the time of the funeral there came state officers and a great crowd of people that filled the church. Tata MacDiarmid spoke to us from I Cor. 15:55-58. At the grave they sang "Fintangu ntangu fiasala kaka" (Only a little time is left). Then I remembered that when we were coming in on the road there came to my mind another hymn which speaks of death coming suddenly to some of us. It was the first time in my life I had seen death come like this. He, when he had given his life for us people of Africa, showed that he must find his rest amongst the people of Africa.

Yes, God will cause such people as this to sit in his Heaven. May God comfort Mama King and the children and friends, and also us in this country.

Josua Mukoko



Dr. King was a great servant of God indeed, and he died amongst the people he loved and had served. He has gone to his reward and his life of devotion and consecration to the cause of the Kingdom of Christ in Africa will remain an inspiration to us all.

H. L. Becquet,
Salvation Army, Leopoldville.

JUDSON COLEMAN KING

Judson Coleman King was born to Sylvester Monroe and Marilda (Coleman) King on May 7, 1879, in the town of Malden, Mass. and was associated with the Maplewood Baptist Church as an infant and during early childhood. Sylvester King, then City Missionary for Tremont Temple, Boston, moved to Beacon Hill where Judson attended the Somerset School and Tremont Temple.

At the age of ten years a second move was necessitated by the health of Judson's father, who had overspent himself in the service of the Temple and the city of Boston. This took Judson to Melbourne Beach, Florida where he passed the succeeding six years on what was then the frontiers of Florida. Here he carried U. S. Mail, passengers and express from the town of Melbourne Beach to that of Melbourne across the river, some two and a quarter miles away. On this daily trip he lighted the channel beacon light in mid-river. His father cultivated the pineapple plantation.

Education in these early years consisted of four months instruction if the parents of the four boys in the neighborhood could collect from their scanty riches enough to augment that given by the state and find some one to teach. Miss Sue Hopkins, the daughter of a professor at Ypsilanti Michigan State Normal School, wintering at the town for health reasons, was one of these teachers, and through her interest in missions, together with that of his parents, Judson became definitely interested.

The year 1895 brought a big freeze to Florida, plantations were ruined, freight became scarce, river boats stopped running and channel lights were discontinued while mail contracts were under bid, a source of liveli-

hood reduced to the minimum. Judson returned alone to Boston to seek his fortune. His mother had died when he was but eleven years old so his father was left alone to live on the mail contract.

In Boston he sought to learn a trade, plumbing. He worked days and went to school nights. After one year he changed his trade to that of baking and pastry cooking; this he followed, early becoming chief baker in a large Roxbury bakery and later holding the same position at the Casino in Roger Williams Park, Providence. While thus employed and when spending a vacation at the home of his aunt in North Marshfield, Mass., Miss Angie C. Damon, a Sunday School teacher at the Marshfield Hills Baptist Church, persuaded Judson to become a Christian. He was baptized in that church.

Returning to Providence he affiliated himself with the Auburn Baptist Church and made up his mind to get an education and enter the ministry or missionary service. Encouraged by Miss Angie Damon and with her tutoring and financial help, together with working as baker and pastry cook at the Hotel Northfield, Northfield, Mass., he attended Mount Hermon and was able to pay his way.

There he bought a set of carpenter's tools and obtained permission to do his daily manual labor under the instruction of the carpenter shop. His desire was to get as broad a fund of practical information as possible for future mission service. Athletics too were an important part of his life and he was interested in the religious, literary, and general activities of the school. His years at Mount Hermon were crowded full of enthusiastic endeavor to get and to give. He once wrote, "The great day came, after the long struggle, when I realized that I was entitled to a diploma from Mount Hermon and to be a member of the graduating class of 1909".

In the autumn of that year he entered the University of Michigan and completed the necessary work to give him entrance to the Medical School, from which he graduated in 1913. Medical missionary service had been his definite goal for a long time and negotiations had been in progress with the Foreign Mission Society. In May 1913 he and Miss Cora E. Wolff, to whom he was engaged, were accepted for medical service in the Belgian Congo. They were united in marriage August 2, 1913, at the Baptist parsonage in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

In the fall of 1913 Dr. and Mrs. King sailed for London, en route to the Congo. The winter was spent in study at the London School of Tropical Medicine and in special eye work at Moorfield's City Road. The spring of 1914 found the Kings in Brussels, Belgium, studying French. They sailed in May and upon arrival were designated to Banza Manteke. There Dr. King labored, developing a constructive medical program including general medical work, major surgery, state service, research in Sleeping Sickness under the direction of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, and the training of boys in practical elementary methods of diagnosis, theraputics, and care of patients. There his knowledge of carpentry was useful in the building of an operating unit and laboratory, as well as in the making of furniture for the same.

The winter of 1923-1924 was spent in the School of Tropical Medicine in Brussels. The year 1925 brought the need for a change in location in order to utilize certain funds most wisely for the further development of the Congo Medical Service, and Dr. and Mrs. King moved from Banza Manteke to Sona Bata. Here again Dr. King's experience in carpentry proved invaluable in the construc-

tion of a medical unit and a residence, when the designated builder had to return to America. The strenuous program of activities and building proved to be too great a stress for the already tired body and Dr. King was invalided home in November 1927.

Due to the special need at denominational headquarters for temporary help in the medical service, Dr. King was requested to act as Medical Advisor to the Foreign Missionary Society, in which capacity he served from December 1928 to May 1, 1932.

Eighteen years had passed since Dr. King first dreamed of a Medical training school for the natives in the Lower Congo. It was with the hope of making this dream a fact that he returned to the station of Sona Bata, sailing the first part of September 1932, while Mrs. King, who in all his previous service in Congo had been his constant companion and inspiration, remained in America, making a home in Ann Arbor, Michigan for their three children: Angie, Judson Jr. and Donald.

With his customary energy and enthusiasm Dr. King upon his arrival at Sona Bata threw himself at once into the task of completing the hospital and organizing a medical training school. Within a few months the school was opened. One of his co-workers says, "I recall when the school was finally launched and he was elected first principal how he said, 'You have made this the happiest day of my life' ".

Dr. Franklin P. Lowry, a classmate of Dr. King's at Mount Hermon, has worthily summed up his characteristics and his great spirit: "He came to Hermon late in life with many problems. He continually overcame obstacles which increased in number and severity with the passing of the years. He never compromised con-

viction with convenience. He paid the supreme sacrifice to carry out his purpose and conviction. He brought life and health to those in misery. He carried the spirit and deeds of the Great Physician in his daily life."

Selected.

With the flame still burning
Where my light was lit,
Another chapter I shall play, not quit,
For the world is needy and I am fit.
A grind, a groan, at last relief,
The burden is lifted,
Though the rest be brief.
I rise, nor falter in the way,
Gaining new strength and courage for the coming fray,
For the world is weary and demands HARD play.

Penned by Judson C. King M. D.
Found on his desk after his death.

DR. KING'S DREAM AND ITS FULFILLMENT

For a number of years to provide proper medical training for the natives of the Lower Congo was Dr. King's big dream. It was with that in view that he asked to be transferred from Banza Manteke to Sona Bata where he could build a hospital which would provide adequate clinical teaching material and practical experience for the students of a medical school. After spending three years supervising the actual erection of the hospital his dream was nipped in the bud by his being sent home because of poor health.

Thanks to one of the more recent and outstanding discoveries of medical science he was able after five years to regain his health and return to the land of his dream. In the meantime, at the Vanga Conference of 1930, the Congo Mission had approved the establishing of a medical training school at either Kimpese or Sona Bata, whichever proved to be the more feasible after further study. It was not until after Dr. King's return to the field in the fall of 1932 that it was found possible to designate to Sona Bata the two doctors required by the Government for the maintenance of such a school.

Since all of the teaching must be done in French the next problem was to find candidates who would qualify. In February of 1933 entrance examinations were given to the whole Sona Bata Native Medical Staff. Five were accepted to form the first class. The finding of satisfactory teaching material in French proved a difficult task for the staff, but the students found it even more difficult to comprehend and retain it. The second and third classes each numbered seven students, one coming from Moanza and two from Banza Manteke.

Dr. King's dream reached its complete fulfillment when the Government in November 1935 gave the school official recognition and a full-fledged place in its medical educational program. So intense was his interest in the school that shortly before his Homegoing he offered to prolong his term an extra year to assure its continuance. He was anxiously anticipating the completion of the theoretical training of the first class and his return to his family when he was so suddenly called to end his labors.

G. W. Tuttle

AN APPRECIATION

We have lost in the death of our dear friend, Dr. Judson C. King, a simple-hearted, great-spirited Christian leader. Few men even among those who have adopted a great cause early in youth have carried through in the prosecution of it so earnestly, unremittingly and successfully as he. There was nothing haphazard about Dr. King's early Christian thinking. He came to two convictions: first, that the world needed Christ, and second, that through medical service he could best convey to other men the message of the Great Physician. Having made a primary decision for medical missionary service Judson King permitted no obstacle to deflect him from his course. In a straight-forward and thoroughgoing fashion he undertook the necessary educational preparation, considering no service too humble or too distasteful which would enable him to achieve the equipment needed for the fulfillment of his life purpose.

During two decades of vigorous service on the field Dr. King acquired the necessary understanding of Central Africa and the Congo people to enable him to form his conclusions as to their major need. He was convinced that in a land where modern medicine was practically unknown the joint ministry of healing for soul and body was the greatest need of the land and that the preparation of young men and women of the country to enter into such a service would be the largest Christian contribution in his power.

Dr. King dreamed, thought and planned for a medical training institution for many years. He talked about it with his missionary colleagues, with native leaders and with government officials. After years of definite effort

in this direction physical collapse brought about through overwork in a difficult climate seemed well-nigh to produce shipwreck of his hopes. Dr. King came home almost at the point of death in the year 1927 and found it necessary to remain in this country for a period of four years before his health was reestablished. But even during this interim he rendered large service by caring for the health of brother missionaries returning invalided from many fields and doggedly refused to give up hope of carrying to fruition his life ambition for the establishment of a medical training school in Congo.

In 1932 Dr. King had sufficiently recovered to return to Congo where he devoted himself again to the effort to provide a training school in connection with the Sona Bata hospital which had come into existence through his efforts in previous years. He found keen interest among his fellow missionaries and many government officials and carried the plan to a successful conclusion with the full sympathy and support of the Mission. It was due to his initiative and determined service that l'Ecole Protestante des Auxiliaries Medicaux au Congo was established. He lived to see the graduation of its first class and it was in the faithful prosecution of his regular work that he passed away very quietly, sitting at the wheel of the mission truck. Even at the moment of death he was engaged in a characteristically humble task, namely, the hauling of lumber for the further development of the school.

Dr. King's sudden death brought grief to the hearts of all who knew him, Congo people and foreigners alike. A group of Portuguese traders whom Dr. King had helped in illness sought the privilege of carrying the casket. The young men of the medical school shared with them in rendering this service. The highest official of the province,

Comte de Beauffort, telegraphed condolence on behalf of the government. Congo leaders whose lives and hearts Dr. King had impressed through many years rendered tribute. His loss brings grief and distress to the hearts of missionaries from Britain, Sweden, Belgium and other lands as well as America who have cooperated with him in the task of evangelizing Congo and who have often looked to God with grateful thanks for his leadership.

The many thousands of friends in America who knew of his work and have been inspired by his example will mourn his loss and will pray that the institution for the establishment of which he was chiefly responsible may be built up and strengthened until it becomes a suitable monument and memorial to his devoted and sacrificial service.

P. H. J. Lerrigo

A TRIBUTE

My wife and I value greatly the opportunity which is given to us of paying our tribute to the memory of Dr. Judson King in the pages of the CONGO NEWS LETTER. As representatives of the British Baptist Missionary Society we would record the manifold services which he rendered to adherents of our mission, as well as to our missionary colleagues. Not infrequently natives from our stations in Lower Congo were treated by him when the maladies were beyond the scope of our own dispensaries. There were also the cases where surgical intervention was necessary. From all such patients we heard from time of the gracious ministry exercised by Dr. King. There are many B.M.S. Congo natives who thank God upon every remembrance of him.

Our own society having no medical man in Lower Congo has meant that sometimes we were compelled to ask Dr. King to accord consultations to members of our mission staff, and occasionally emergency surgicial aid. The readiness with which he responded to all such requests made our society greatly indebted to him. Those whom he thus helped will feel a sense of personal loss now that the beloved physician has passed over to the other side. They will always remember what his kindliness of heart and considerateness united to his medical and surgical skill did for them. Their gratitude and that of our society is yet another of the unfading wreaths that are being woven in memory of a life of rare devotion.

We ourselves rejoice to recall that we were honored by the friendship of Dr. King. He was always a very welcome guest in our Congo home. We still recall the last time he was with us, when he and a few other medicals foregathered under our roof. Problems of the field were discussed as was inevitable, but the talk was not all "shop" by any means. There were excursions into other fields than mission polity. But wherever we wandered that night our friend had something worth-while to contribute. It is still remembered how swiftly he passed from the professional man into the raconteur. His stories and reminiscenses induced a certain gaiety that was quite a tonic to those who heard them. The impression as to the many-sidedness of his nature was confirmed. His fellow-guests with host and hostess all rejoiced that such a gift as he had been given to Congo.

It was on a steamer coming to Congo that we first of all met Dr. King. During the voyage we came to know him well, and ever afterwards rejoiced that it had been ours to be fellow-passengers. It was during the journey

from Antwerp to Matadi that we were able to appreciate the manner of man that Dr. King was. The revelation was on this wise: At the time of crossing the equator, when the usual "baptism" of neophytes was over and a certain amount of horse-play was going on, some of the more boisterous passengers conceived what to them would be an excellent joke to play upon Dr. King. At a given signal they approached and he, all unsuspecting, was seized and dropped, immaculately dressed as usual, into the baptismal tank. He came to the surface smiling and climbed out of the tank on to the deck, the very picture of good nature, despite the fact that his watch and some important papers he was carrying had suffered immersion too. The perpetrators of the joke called him "a jolly good old sport". One hoped they were not a little ashamed of themselves afterwards, but as far as Dr. King himself was concerned, there was not the slightest resentment. And that was probably the best rebuke that could have been administered. Had he taken it badly there would certainly have been a good deal of criticism, albeit quite unjust, of the missionary. As it was, Dr. King's stock went up by leaps and bounds amongst his fellow-passengers. His missionary colleagues felt very proud of him for having done that so difficult thing: "turning the other cheek also" of which the Master spoke. We recall this incident because it became for us a sort of standard of reference in all that related to Dr. King. By merely human standards he would have been well within his rights in being downright angry at such treatment, and would have found a great many on board to support him in a very vigorous protest against a joke of that sort. But he chose the more excellent way, and the fact that he instantly re-acted in the manner he

did showed the rules by which his life was governed. His desire, beyond all question, was to have the mind that was in Christ.

Our thoughts and our prayers are for those dear to our friend who were far away when the Home-call sounded for him. The knowledge of his life spent for Christ in Congo, and of all he was able to accomplish for Him who bade his disciples "Preach the Gospel, heal the sick", will be an increasingly precious memory to them. May the God of all comfort sustain them, whispering to them the healing words of divine consolation.

And may the gap at Sona Bata be speedily filled. Surely there are medicals amongst whom will be found one who would count it an honour to stand and to serve in the place now vacant, which Dr. King so splendidly filled.

"To you from falling hands he throws the torch;
Be yours to hold it high."

Charles E. Pugh
L. Gwendoline Pugh

AN UNTIRING GARDENER

Those of us who had the privilege of being Dr. King's neighbors know how unselfish he was and how interested he was in our welfare. Every day he would show his neighborliness and thoughtfulness in various ways.

He was a lover of roses and God certainly blessed his hands as he planted them. He had some beautiful blossoms, and roses do not grow in Congo without special work and care. These wonderful flowers were shared with all, especially those who were ill. Almost every day would bring a cheery "Hello" and a rose to brighten that day.

The last evening that Dr. King was with us he came over with two perfect rose buds. He stopped to chat awhile about roses but the conversation soon drifted to the plant that was dearest to him, namely our Medical School. He was making big plans for the future and was wondering just how this little plant could be best cared for. He was much concerned about its cultivation, wanting nothing but the best for it that it might grow and blossom out as did his wonderful roses, that its influnce might be felt throughout our field in Congo and in the homeland. In truth he conceived of each student as a slip from the parent plant to be well rooted and grounded mentally, physically and spiritually, so that each one might be transplanted forming tiny gardens in their own little village. Thus there would be a continuous growth of the plant and blossoming of roses, as men, women and children everywhere would be helped in time of need and be led to know the Perfect Gardener, the One who is able to make a life like the fragrance of a rose if He is only given permission to do so.

Dr. King was very tired but this he would never admit. He was looking forward to his furlough in order that he might gain new strength and thus continue his plant cultivation. But now Dr. King had planted the rose and shared it, likewise the Medical School he had planted; it is God now who beholds it growing and being shared so he decided that He would call the gardener and leave others to care for and cultivate the plant. Dr. King was needed in God's own garden above.

May each one of us be an untiring gardener so that when we are called we too may go to be with Him who shared his only Son that we might have access to his garden. May God richly bless the Medical School which Dr.

King was permitted to plant and may we who are left to to care for it do all within our power to spread its fragrance everywhere.

Emily E. Satterberg

DEATH CAUSES SADNESS.

My friends, you have heard and read the very sad story of the death of Dr. King on the 27th of March, 1936.

We have fallen into a bitter sorrow. The morning of the 27th we saw Dr. King on the veranda where we pray every morning. One of the nurses read God's word and we had prayer. Then Dr. King said to me, "Eh Thimothée Mfiengi, are you going to Madimba to-day?" I said, "Yes". He said, "I am going to Kansa to get some planks, this afternoon we will see each other again"; then we separated. He carefully examined the sick people in the four wards of the hospital. After this he returned to his house for breakfast but did not eat very much.

After breakfast he got in the truck with my son James Konko and the chauffeur Joshua Mukoko. Dr. King himself drove the truck. A truck drove up from behind wanting to pass so when he came to a wide space he drove to one side and at that time died without saying a word. At ten o' clock in the morning word was sent up and down the railroad by telephone. Trouble was with us and we all cried very much because this death came very suddenly.

On the 28th of March our station was crowded with people who attended the funeral. The white people had a short service at Dr. King's house. The names of the mission people who were present are: Mr. Coxill, Mr. MacDiarmid, Mr. and Mrs. Erickson, Dr. and Mrs.

Tuttle, Mr. and Mrs. Watkins, Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Miss Anderson, Miss Dickey and Miss Satterberg. State people came from Madimba and a number of Portuguese traders were also present.

The church was filled like it usually is during our Matondo meetings. Songs of hope and sadness were sung and the Bible was read. Then I was given an opportunity to say a few words about Tata King. I told of how he wanted to keep the Medical School going, also of his zeal and love to help the sick people day and night. Since all the night calls had to come to me first, it was my duty to waken him in case of severe illnesses.

He had much compassion for the Congo people and thought much about what we will become when we have wisdom enough to help our own country. When he called me or when I went to his house to ask him something he would start telling me about this country and how sad he always was to see the people without the Light in their hearts and bodies also. We are very thankful for his work which he opened. My friends in America, may you think of it by sending doctors to teach us and then we in this country will be able to help our own people.

We see much sadness because Mama King and the children had not seen him for almost four years. They too are sad, but we are very thankful that we will see each other in heaven; there we will all be happy if we believe in Jesus Christ our Saviour.

My greetings to you who read this message, white or black. We work and think together by giving our lives to work for Jesus Christ in other countries.

Thimothee Mfiengi
Head Infirmier at Sona Bata Hospital

FAREWELL, OUR BELOVED DOCTOR!

The tropical stars shone down upon an unusual scene on the mission station that Friday night. Though it was ten o'clock, work had not ceased in the carpenter shop. A kerosene lamp shed its rays over a floor thickly littered with new shavings. It shone also on a sad group busily engaged in an unaccustomed task. Before them stood a coffin. Early that day careful search had been made among the available lumber for the choicest boards. Some fine nkamba (African mahogany) ones were selected; particular boards that had been put aside months before by Dr. King himself for special use in his beloved hospital. All afternoon relays of boys had planed, oiled and polished them until they shone like beautiful walnut panels. The casket had been carefully put together, six bronze handles affixed, and now the white folks were putting in layer on layer of cotton and tucking and tacking in the white lining of the last bed for their comrade.

Early morning found most of the flowers on the compound gathered. The front of the church was banked with ferns, yellow trumpet flowers and pink balsam. Purple everlastings, yellow cannas, pink and white begonias, multi-colored zinnias, yellow daisies, and the roses he himself had so lovingly cultivated were put into baskets, woven into wreaths, or tied into bouquets and taken to the King residence to be laid on the coffin, as a final offering to one who had been so fond of flowers.

At ten o'clock a quiet group, twenty-two white people, assembled for the English service at the house. The Administrateur, Monsieur Lekeux, and Monsieur and Madame Toussaint (representatives of the state post at Madimba) were present, Madame Toussaint having brought a

sheaf of white chrysanthemums to lay on the coffin. On the sun porch were the infirmiers and their wives. After singing two stanzas of "Oh Love that will not let me go," Rev. MacDiarmid read John 14:1-12: "Let not your heart be troubled....". Our thoughts travelled back to our last Sunday evening prayer meeting, when this chapter had been used as the theme of our devotions. At the close of the service Dr. King told how he had spent two hours on that chapter that same afternoon working out a chapel talk for the Monday morning service at the hospital. Rev. Coxill offered a prayer, then, after singing the last stanza of the same hymn, the folks present slowly filed past the coffin. Six Portuguese traders, most of whom had been Dr. King's patients at one time or another, were present. They begged for the privilege of carrying the coffin. Their request being granted, the group, preceded by the infirmières, wended their slow way to the church.

Inside were gathered hundreds of natives. An unusual quietness prevailed. After a hymn, "The Home over There", Rev. MacDiarmid read the Twenty Third Psalm and I Cor. 15:12-26. A prayer was offered by Dr. Tuttle: a prayer of thanksgiving for the many years of faithful service that had been allowed Dr. King, a prayer for comfort and solace for the aching hearts of the loved wife and children so far away, a prayer of gladness for the surety of our knowledge that this was not the end, but that we all shall meet again at the Master's feet. Then Mr. Coxill, with Dr. Tuttle translating into Kikongo, spoke on behalf of the C. P. C. and read telegrams and messages of condolence from the government, missionaries, and others. Timotio Mfiengi, for many years our most faithful assistant in the hospital, spoke, dwelling again on Dr. King's last chapel message, "Let not

your hearts be troubled''. Another hymn, ''O Yeto Wantu ova Nza'' (a native hymn, to the tune of Old Lang Syne, with the central thought that a place has been prepared where we shall meet again). Then Rev. MacDiarmid preached, in Kikongo, the funeral sermon, dwelling on the Christian's Resurrection Hope. After a prayer by Stephen Mukoko, pastor of the local church, the audience filed past the coffin for the last look at ''Tata Kingi''. He looked so peaceful, so natural in his white suit, except that today his capable hands were still and his face was as white as the waves of his beautiful white hair.

The natives, upon leaving the church, had gathered in compact rows in the nearby cemetery, nearly filling the entire space. The nurses, so neat in their white dresses and head-cloths, were given the flowers to carry, walking two by two at the head of the procession. Six infirmiers carried the coffin, the others following immediately behind. Then came the file of white folks walking slowly while the station bell tolled mournfully.

Around the grave the crowd sang ''A Little While'' in Kikongo. Rev. MacDiarmid read I Cor. 15:51-57. Stephen Bangu, pastor at Kifwa, offered a prayer, and the last remains were committed to the earth. Roses taken from a bouquet from his own garden were dropped on the coffin during the committal service. Then the natives were allowed to follow their custom and each dropped a handful of earth into the open grave.

The following Monday another little service took place in the cemetery. Two women, representing the group of English speaking West Coast natives residing at Stanley Pool, many of whom had been patients of Dr. King, arrived with a floral offering. It was a work in metal of roses and forget-me-nots tinted pink, blue and

white, so fashioned as to form a cross. They requested the privilege of placing this on the grave. Rev. MacDiarmid, Dr. Tuttle and Mr. Erickson accompanied them. After a word of appreciation for this token of their esteem, Rev. MacDiarmid offered a prayer. One of the women then laid the cross on the grave, saying as she did so, "God be with you till we meet again, our beloved Doctor".

The hot sun of many a Congo noon has beat upon the grave, the torrential rains of many an African storm have fallen on it. The pink and blue of the roses and forget-me-nots is fading, but in the hearts of many a native bloom the roses of love and forget-me-nots that will not fade as they recall many services rendered by one who followed in the footsteps of the Great Physician. They, too, as well as the colleagues of the departed one, breathe the benediction: "Farewell, God be with you till we meet again, our beloved Doctor".

Ruth Erickson

Many of us knew Dr. King from personal contacts and we all liked him so much. His lovely kindness to everybody and his never ceasing interest in the most important task that was his were an example for us who had the privilege to enjoy fellowship with him.

Mr. Ohrneman,
Swedish Mission, Matadi.

Judson C. King M.D.

William H. Leslie M.D.

Anna M. Hagquist R.N.

Hjalmar Ostrom M.D.

DEEDS OF LOVE

Let me tell of Dr. Ebenza (Ostrom) and his deeds of love and patience on behalf of aged men and women, our fathers and mothers and our children, any and all of us without partiality or favoritism. When he lived among us he was a doctor of the day time and night time as well. Though weary from the work of healing by day, when people went to him during the night he arose and seemingly without fatigue attended to their needs.

Neither time nor paper permits us to enumerate singly the reasons for praises due our doctor. Would that you had been here with us to see his life in our midst! That you might have witnessed the courage of his love for healing people! I will tell you but one of many examples. During a quarrel one man received a knife wound and three broken ribs. Some time later, very weak and bleeding from his mouth and side, he was brought to the doctor. Skillfully and to our amazement doctor caused him to sleep. Then he made holes in the six pieces of broken bones, and we knew the man would die. But the doctor then tied the pieces together, each bone to its mate, and sewed up the wound. The man revived, the bones mended, his body healed and at last he went home well. Taught that Christ was his real healer, the man changed his heart to believe in Jesus. He with many, many others lives today desiring above all else to love and work for the Christ who saved Him, even the Christ of whom Dr. Ebenza came to teach us by words and deeds.

Ikembe Thomas

Love seeketh not her own.

DR. OSTROM AND TREMONT HOSPITAL

Pressing onward into the interior to locate new tribes to whom to preach Christ, Rev. and Mrs. Joseph Clark in 1894 amid scenes of heathen hostility effected a landing at Ikoko, a native settlement located on the shores of Lake Ntumba, some thirty miles from the entrance of the lake into the Congo River. For six years they carried on work at Ikoko before the reward of a first convert was realized, and in this year of rejoicing on the field things began to work together with God in America for Ikoko's good.

A young woman, who had left Sweden to make her way in the United States, gave her heart to Christ. A little later a young man of Swedish birth aroused to a sense of great personal need for Christ followed the preacher whose words had burned their message into his heart, tugged at his coat-tails and said, "Pray for me". Later these two young people, members of the same church, became leaders in the young people's work. Then as friends they began to look into the future. Their minister, friend and advisor, encouraged them to strive for the fulfillment of their aim, foreign mission service. The young woman took some studies at a missionary training school as well as training for a nurse. The young man felt that he could most closely follow in the Master's steps as a physician and surgeon. He immediately began training: first, a course in theology and subjects preparatory to medical studies, and then medical college work. While at the seminary he was led to feel that Belgian Congo was a place of paramount need. Thus it happened that after these two, Dr. Hjalmar Ostrom and Miss Agnes Brodd, were married in 1911 they embarked for mission

service in Belgian Congo and in July of 1912 were established at Ikoko.

With Christ in their hearts these two desired above all, in cooperation with fellow-workers, to make their medical training count for the utmost in winning African men and women, boys and girls, to Jesus Christ. Appreciative of the foundation laid by their predecessors in the work, willing to suffer the lack of many things in starting their term of service, it was only natural that they should hope with earnest expectation for the day to come when adequate equipment, yes, even a hospital unit, would be available for the carrying on of this work.

Dr. Ostrom began his labours the day following his arrival. A few shelves, a table, makeshift cupboards and a micropscope comprised the complete equipment in his tiny quarters. The news of the doctor's arrival was not long in spreading and patients full of curiosity and a desire for healing began to stream to the little consultation door way. Sleeping Sickness was very prevalent at that time, but happily many who were thought to be afflicted with that dread disease were by means of the microscope discovered to be victims of intestinal parasites, and curable when faithful in the matter of treatments.

The day before Christmas it occurred that of necessity he performed the first surgical operation, an emergency case, by lamplight. It was a blessing that this first surgical patient recovered. He became a real witness for the work. The daily average of patients treated increased continually. On the second Christmas Eve 365 patients were helped.

A native was once asked, "What led you first to think of Christ?" He answered, "You remember the

diseased and naked body I had? Well, when I came to the mission I was so sick and without any money. But it made no difference to the doctor. He helped me and in what he did for me I saw what their (the missionaries') God was like." This man has a record of eighteen years of clean living and faithful service, and today he is a teacher at our school in Bikoro, a State and strong Catholic center.

Nor were the services of the medical force limited to Ikoko folk and the people who were able to walk or be carried there for treatment. Doctor itinerated into many towns and villages, travelling on foot and by means of dug-out canoe. Even when the itineraries were made especially to supervise evangelistic work in the districts, there were many opportunites to render medical aid and teach natives the wisdom of securing the mission doctor's assistance in the early stages of disease. True, all natives were not as receptive to the doctor's instructions as might have been expected. Because a friend had been cured by a particular medicine, a native with an entirely different malady would not infrequently insist on the identical medicine which proved efficacious in the friend's case.

God greatly blessed this ministry, and the testimony of Jesus concerning His ministry to the imprisoned John the Baptist became by His grace tidings of truth to the African doubters and unbelievers: "Go tell the things which ye hear and see; the blind receive their sight; the lame walk; the lepers are cleansed and the deaf hear; the dead are raised up; the poor have good tidings preached to them.

A few years after the opening of the Ikoko Station it was discovered that the location was not suitable as a

permanent base due to the fact that at high water season, twice yearly, much of the place was inundated and there was not enough land to provide for buildings sufficient for a growing work. Hence the resident missionaries and a committee from the Conference negotiated with the state officials and were finally granted the Ntondo site, twenty hectares, bordering on Lake Ntumba, about a four and a half hours' journey paddling across the lake from Ikoko. The native village at Ntondo at that time had a population of about two hundred people and was an important out-post in connection with the Ikoko work.

Returning from furlough in 1916 Dr. and Mrs. Ostrom went directly to Ntondo. As at Ikoko a small room in a little brick building served as dispensary, temporarily, then through the generous gift of Mrs. Reeder the dispensary became housed in a building larger and better suited to the immediate needs.

During his furlough Dr. Ostrom had purposed, on behalf of his needy African friends, to secure funds sufficient to provide for the Ntondo hospital unit. God saw fit to entrust to this steward $6000.00. To this tangible expression of love, devotion and willing sacrifice for Jesus's sake and the Gospel's, Tremont Temple of Boston added $800.00.

A worthy desire was made in 1911, the means were in hand to clothe that desire in 1916, God's approval seemed certain. But the greatest test of faith and patience was yet to be experienced. Delay followed delay. The immediate need for the construction of other buildings on the station; untold difficulties attending the gathering together of building materials ordered from America, England, Belgium and Congo (Kinshasa); irregular and

infrequent transport service; further interruptions caused by the War restrictions -- and the doctor completed another four year term of service on the field and left for furlough without seeing a first step taken toward the actual construction of the hospital. The prayer for a builder was unanswered and the station was not sufficiently staffed to enable any of its members to attempt proceeding with the erection of a hospital.

Critical illness and a long convalescence hindered the doctor's return to the field. No medical man was sent to the station during this interim. But in 1925 missionaries and natives alike, after weary watching and waiting, were privileged to again welcome to the field and work their colleagues, Dr. and Mrs. Ostrom.

Desirous of forwarding the construction of Tremont Hospital without further delay, and encouraged by the society's promise that a builder would be sent to the field in the fall, the doctor began the clearing of the site. Then with appropriate exercises in the presence of missionaries and state officials ground was broken and in the name of the Great Physician work started for the ultimate purpose of rendering a fuller service to the sick and suffering Congo folk.

It is difficult for American people especially to appreciate the problems of building in Africa. Boards from trees hewn and sawed by unskilled black men have later to be planed and fashioned under the missionary's supervision; thousands of bricks have to be made by men who are unaccustomed to continuous periods of labour and who tire easily; for laying the foundations of this particular unit tons of rock and gravel were carried from the lake shore up a steep 48-foot embankment. When the actual work of construction began many rows of

poorly laid bricks had to be torn down, and boards and beams entirely discarded and new ones fashioned under more close supervision by the white man.

The builder arrived at Ntondo in October 1925. Then the building began in earnest. By the following July the main walls were builded and roofed over with corrugated iron. Then the builder was called to go to another station to assist with work on another hospital unit. The doctor, curtailing as little of his medical work as possible, took over the entire superintendency of the Tremont Hospital construction. In September the builder volunteered to return to Ntondo, pending his release for a ten week period from work at other stations. Great things were accomplished and it was with real regret that we saw him leave the latter part of December, for one could easily see that months of work would be required before the occupancy of the unit could be achieved.

Again the doctor was left with the work, supervision of over sixty workmen at the construction and direction of seven native medics in treating of from 100 to 150 patients daily at the Reeder Dispensary. For some time he continued to perform each week three and four major surgical operations, feeling that this was a first duty so long as he remianed on the field. Because of his responsibility to the state in cooperating toward the curbing of Sleeping Sickness he had to absent himself from the station for trips into the interior, examining for Sleeping Sickness and vaccinating against smallpox approximately 19,000 people during these trying months. Never unmindful of his missionary obligations, these itineraries enabled the doctor to see the work of the native evangelists, encourage and instruct them, and at chapel services not

only give simple lessons in hygiene, but clear and ringing messages from God's own Word.

In March 1928 Mr. Clark suffered a paralytic stroke, and Dr. Ostrom, being the only other male member of the staff on the field, had his burdens added thereunto. However, one day in May there began a procession which defies description: that of natives carrying boxes, bottles, jars, surgical instruments and hospital supplies from the Reeder Dispensary to Tremont Hospital. Then Wednesday morning, May 9th, when all the patients under treatment were called to the dispensary for the regular weekly review, it was announced that beginning that very afternoon all sick folk would go to the "big new place".

The formal dedicatory exercises were held some months later. Occupancy at that time enabled the doctor to more closely supervise the detail work of finishing.

So it is with high esteem that I recall Dr. Ostrom, missionary co-worker for a number of years. Because of his zeal in presenting the Saviour in whose name and strength he served, men, women and children, hosts of them relieved of physical infirmities and torment of loathesome diseases, went from his presence to live as new creatures in Christ among their fellowmen. These are a memorial eternal to a missionary doctor.

Marguerite Eldredge

Hjalmar Ostrom was born February 6, 1882. He passed on to his reward May 24, 1934, after having been home from the field for five years, his health broken by a strenuous service in Congo. The funeral was held from Tremont Temple. Mrs. Ostrom and two daughters survive him.

FELLOW TRAVELLER

Any knowledge of Dr. Ostrom's skill as a doctor and of his missionary zeal that I have has come through the observation of others. As most of my knowledge of him by personal contact came from a long voyage together to America in 1915 I wish to tell something about that.

Dr. and Mrs. Ostrom and Mrs. MacDiarmid and I travelled together from Matadi to Teneriffe on the Belgian steamer. The war was on and we were not very anxious to pass through the war zone, so on making inquiries at Santa Cruz we were informed that we could secure passage on a Spanish ship to the West Indies in a few days. We also found, or thought we had, that we had sufficient money to travel either first or second class on this boat.

But the bright hopes of the first day ashore were followed with disappointments one after another. We lost heavily on the exchange of money into Spanish and were unable to get anyone to cash the money drafts we carried on our Society. Meanwhile the Spanish boat's arrival was delayed so that we had to stay three weeks instead of one at a hotel kept by an Englishman where we paid a pound per day per family. And then as time went on we were informed by the shipping company that rates of passage had gone up. Finally, by the time the old Spanish "Valbanera" arrived, we were so low in purse that we were forced to travel second class and were only able to do that by the company taking a lien on our baggage in case we did not secure the remainder of the passage money at Havana, Cuba.

The ship was laden with workmen going to the sug-

ar plantations in Cuba and its chief cargo seemed to be garlic. Surely with seventeen days of a quiet sea and a cargo like that there was no need of a doctor and his medicines! No, we did not need a doctor but we needed someone who had a sense of humor to keep life from being utterly drab. It is this side of Dr. Ostrom's life I wish to write about. Coupled with a sincerely devout religious nature was this delightful vein of humor that must have helped him in many a hard place in Africa and which certainly helped us all on that voyage.

It has been said that one who has not a sense of humor should not become a missionary. But some have such a small percentage of it that they are barely saved from becoming bundles of nerves when subjected to trying conditions in a tropical climate.

One day in Santa Cruz we wandered into an Indian shop where cloth and wares from the East were on display. We did not feel that we could spare the money to buy any of these beautiful things but we soon saw that it was going to be difficult to get away from the effusive, talkative shopkeeper without making a purchase. Dr. Ostrom tried to put him off, talking to him in English, French and German, But each time the man came back voluble in the same language in which he had been addressed. After a little hesitation the doctor, in a commanding tone, let out a swirl of Swedish that left the shopkeeper speechless. Before he could find his tongue again we bade him good-bye and made our exit. At the nearest park bench we sat down and had our laugh. The doctor then told us he had used a string of phrases that sounded dreadful enough but which did not have any particular bearing on the matters under discussion.

Those of us who attended the 1928 Conference at Sona Bata will remember Dr. Ostrom as a Bible student who brought new treasures out of the Old Story. It was good to know both the more serious side and the lighter of this man who had become a missionary doctor after overcoming many obstacles in gaining the needed training. One would like to hear from the natives whose bodies had been mended by his skill and whose souls had been born anew by the message from his heart and lips, their testimony of what Dr. Ostrom's life meant to them.

P. A. MacDiarmid

A NATIVE ESTIMATE

I am happy to speak a good word concerning our Doctor Ostrom. When he first came, a doctor for the Lake Tumba tribes, many people disbelieved that the whiteman's medicine had power to heal the sick. But afterwards when they saw that many were cured by medicines and operations, even people with sleeping sickness helped, crowds came from far and near to be healed. The huts available on the mission were far too small and too few to accomodate the host of sick folk.

Doctor Ostrom worked hard for God in all of our towns. He built a great hospital. He went on many journeys to towns and villages to teach God's word and to heal the sick. He was a man of wisdom, kindness and love. Had God not sent him to our villages, hundreds upon hundreds would have died in misery from Sleeping Sickness and other diseases. Great sorrow came to our hearts when we heard of his death.

Frank I, Clark

A COLLEAGUE'S ESTIMATE

As Dr. Ostrom and myself were never colleagues on the same station what I write is of general knowledge and from association at conferences or travel to and from them. My first contact was at Tshumbiri when he and his wife passed up country on a mission steamer in 1912. He had come to U.S.A. from Sweden as a youth, working his way through the schools and receiving his medical degree in Omaha. That means that he had a brilliant mind and was an indefatigable worker. My first real contact with him was when in December 1912 he paid a visit to Bolobo Hospital, thirty five miles above Tshumbiri, to perform needed operations on some Ikoko folk, for he had no equipment there. Dr. Girling of the British Baptists spoke most highly of him, an unusual thing for British doctors of American doctors at that time. As the state steamer had no space for him and his wife, I ran them up to Ikoko in the Henry Reed. He never forgave himself for not having examined me, for I was not well, and developed Sleeping Sickness shortly thereafter. I believe I contracted it upon that trip as there were so many tsetse flies, but he could have found nothing so early.

At that time Ikoko was full of Sleeping Sickness, hook worm, etc. In our first term while there we had seen its terrible ravage, bringing insanity and death to many. To the fight of these diseases Dr. Ostrom gave himself, cooperating with the state medical service, treating thousands of patients. What this district would have been without him is hard to say, certainly most of the lake towns would have been wiped out, as Tshumbiri towns were. As a sequence to his fight against the flu of the

post-war period he was decorated by the state for his great service.

On his first furlough he raised the money with which to build the Tremont Hospital; for not only was he a skillful surgeon and physician but an acceptable public speaker, preacher and first class linguist. He spoke English with no accent and French fluently, beside at least two native languages. Yes, he could turn his hand to anything, being a good cabinet-maker, also carpenter, building himself a fine home. But no constitution however strong can stand such a strain, for he had given himself unstintedly to the work. A deacon was remarking the other day how willingly he went out in the middle of the night when called upon by some one in real need. Indeed his reputation has spread afar, both among the white and the black. What a pity he did not live to fully enjoy the work in the fine, well equipped hospital overlooking the beautiful Lake Tumba, for he was called from the work just shortly after its dedication. Though he had seen seventeen years of service in the mission, about half of a missionary's normal service period, he had always been handicapped by lack of plant. He will, however, always be known as the first "nkanga" in this area, having done much to break down the fears and superstitions of these wild people. We rejoice that his work continues and that the hospital is ever expanding in its field of usefullness.

Paul C. Metzger

HEALER OF SMILES

To write of our woman healer, Mama Bolonga (Miss Hagquist), is a pleasure and joy. She was in our midst a healer of love, kindliness and patience. Among the sick whom she helped were little children, orphans, poor and needy, young and old. Some had no caretakers, others no food nor money with which to buy it; all of these she helped. She required many gardens made so each person would have food. Yearly on the 25th day of the twelfth month she helped provide a great feast for the sick people and the evangelists from many villages, including towns-people as well.

She had an interest in and a smile for each person who went to her. I lack paper to write of her deeds one by one. Today women everywhere remember her as the healer of smiles and love who came here to help us and teach us God's way.

Mwinza Alieti

ANNA M. HAGQUIST

Miss Hagquist was born in Lulea, Sweden, April 15, 1884. As a young girl she was taught the doctrines of the state church of Sweden, but at the age of 14, when she was to be confirmed in a class of 114 girls, she refused. Study of the Bible led to her conversion in 1901 and still more study brought her to the conclusion that immersion was the only form of baptism. She hunted up a little Baptist church in a neighboring town and was there baptized on Feb. 3, 1902.

She came to Omaha, Neb., in 1904, after the death

of her father, her mother having died when she was eleven years of age. Determined to do Christian work, she took a two year course at the Missionary Training School in Chicago, serving later as a church missionary in the Omaha Swedish Baptist Church and then in the Moline, Ill., church. Feeling a definite call to foreign service, she decided to prepare herself as a nurse and completed her training at the Mission Covenant Hospital in Omaha in 1917.

It was in 1918 at the Northern Baptist Convention in Denver that she was appointed to go to Belgian Congo. She spent three terms there as a missionary nurse, returning the last time in 1932, broken in health but undaunted in spirit. The past two years have been spent as the matron of the Baptist old people's home in Winnebago, Minn. Her life has always been one which radiated joy, and was full of service for others.

Florence A. Swanson

It gives me joy to speak a word concerning our teacher, Mama Bolonga (Miss Hagquist). For many years she was in the region of Lake Tumba helping us to know the Word of God, and because of our bodily illnesses. When the doctor was on furlough Mama Bolonga did the work of a doctor with strength and courage like that of a man.

She made many journeys to the villages to heal the sick and teach concerning the death of Christ. Traveling over plain and through forest she walked tirelessly, rarely riding in the "push-push" (monocycle).

She had much love for the people. Even the many

times when the stupidity and noise of the ignorant ones annoyed her, she was kind. Thus all people loved her. Frequently we remember and speak of her helpfulness and kindliness. News of her death has given us great sorrow.

Frank I. Clark

CALLED HOME

Our Mama of love goes before us in the path of endless life. She waits for us each one whosoever loves Jesus Christ and with full expectant heart knows one day to see Him face to face.

In the city of St.Paul, Minnesota, at nine o'clock on Sunday morning, April 5, 1936, she answered to the call of God. Holding her hand at that time was her friend of love, Mama Swanson. Our Mama had no blood relations, not even one, but she and Mama Swanson surpassed in their love for one another that of many relatives.

Mama Longonda was one day's journey away, caretaker in place of Mama Bolonga at a home caring for about twenty-five elderly people, men and women. Monday she left there to go and sit with Mama Swanson and to look upon our Mama, sleeping. After several hours she returned to the home and work at Winnebago, heart full of tears, yet joy also, for Mama Bolonga is with Jesus.

On that Sunday I was in a far distant city the Good News story proclaiming. The message by wire came in the evening. Then at seven o'clock in the morning I began the train journey, and travelling all day and all night I came at the hour of the rising sun to the city

called Moline, Illinois. It was then Tuesday.

Monday evening the train leaving St. Paul carried our Mama and Mama Swanson, and after travelling all night they came into the city of Moline at eight o'clock in the morning. I and Mama Swanson met at nine o'clock. We had never seen each other before, but in this hour of heaviness God forged our two hearts into one.

At one hour after noon I, and Mama Swanson, went to the house of meeting. The organ intoned hymns very softly. The box open, we looked upon Mama, just as one sleeping, hands on her breast holding a few beautiful flowers. Surrounding were flowers many and beautiful, sent by friends of love, believers also in our Lord Jesus.

A host of believers came for this service, farewell for just a little while. The pastor of Mama's church taught, another pastor prayed, I spoke a few words, saying in the dialect of Lontomba John 3:16. Four friends sang hymns much loved by Mama: "Lead Kindly Light", "The Touch of His Hand on Mine", "Nearer my God to Thee". Afterward we all went out to go to the cemetery to commit the house which was our Mama's to the arms of the earth. The day was fair and the sun as a smile of God's covered us all. God was there to strengthen us each one.

Our Mama was in speech, in deeds and in faith completely ready to meet Jesus Christ.

Mama Mooto

Written in Lontomba dialect for the six churches in Ntondo field. Mama Bolonga is Miss Hagquist; Mama Longonda, Miss Oden; Mama Mooto, Miss Eldredge.

I go to prepare a place for you.

PRAYER OF AN AFRICAN CHRISTIAN

Our Father who is above, we pray to You. You are our helper. We are here at this place of healing. We thank you for the believers who have faith in You and desire to leave their homes in white-man's land to come here and provide for us in this place.

This afternoon, You yourself help us to seek You who are the only love doctor of bodies and hearts. We want all who are in this world to know You and share your glory.

Help our doctor, a woman, that she may have strength and wisdom and knowledge to do your work for the sake of the sick people. Now help our speaker. Stand with him. By your wisdom and teaching through the Holy Spirit help him that he may explain clearly to us your Word and commands.

Father, forgive us the sins which are ours, and hear us because we pray in Jesus's name. Let these words be even so.

Deacon Boncei

At a hospital service when Miss Hagquist had full charge of the medical work at Ntondo.

NEWS NOTES

Months have elapsed since the appearance of our last issue. We regret it; we promise to do better in the future. The Sona Bata press has been moved to Leopoldville where we hope to use it to full advantage.

We welcome to Congo a brand new missionary, Miss Grace Cooper. She is at Banza Manteke. In the next issue she will give us her first impressions.

The Geils have returned to Banza Manteke, Dr. Mabie to Kimpese, Dr. Osterholm to Vanga, Dr. and Mrs. Westcott and Miss Eldredge to Ntondo. Dr. and Mrs. Freas are settled at Sona Bata in Dr. King's house. The Atkins are back and on their way to Kikongo and Moanza to plan and push forward a building program. We say to them all, "Welcome back to Congo and God bless you in the accomplishing of the many tasks awaiting you".

The return of the Sodergrens we hear is assured. The date of sailing from New York has not as yet been fixed.

Tata and Mama Moon settled down at Banza Manteke last year but now with the return of the Geils they are off and away again to hold institutes in the Kikongo, Vanga and Moanza fields. The mission appreciates their willingness to fill in as they did at Banza Manteke and have at other stations for it realizes their eagerness to be here and there helping the village teachers, instructing and inspiring them, a work for which they are especially fitted.

Miss Ehnbom left in October for furlough; and in September Mrs. Bain said good-bye to Congo, after visiting Banza Manteke and Sona Bata, in which fields she and her husband once worked, and Kimpese, where classes

are held in the Bain Memorial school building. She had planned to go on "around the world" and visit a niece and family, missionaries, in India. But word has come from Cape Town that there she cancelled her ticket and sailed directly for Antwerp and New York. Her health, she felt, was not good enough to continue the long trip. Having completed more than forty years of missionary experience she feels that her work on earth may soon be finished: a feeling expressed by so many of our retiring missionaries. An account of her last itinerary in the Vanga field will appear in the next issue.

We hear that Miss Schaffer's health has been completely restored but that doctors advise against her return to strenuous work in the tropics. Our mission sustains a loss, but we feel assured that she will be used of God in service for Him in the homeland.

Two of our missionaries have been recognized by the Belgian Government. Mr. Paul C. Metzger has been named Chevalier de l'Ordre Royal du Lion, and Mrs. Metzger has been awarded the Gold Medal of the Ordre Royal du Lion. Congratulations!

From Kikongo: "On the night of Sept. 16, near midnight, lightning struck the house in which Mr. and Mrs. Smith were living. The crash shook us all and then we heard Mrs. Smith call, and almost immediatey she was on our porch, gasping, 'Our house is on fire, the lightning struck at the head of my bed!' She had the baby in her arms; Smithy had stayed to try to save what he could from the fire. .....The lightning had struck in the bedroom, just between their two beds, and we still consider it a miracle that they escaped." A fuller account of this tragedy will appear in the next issue.

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